Hot Weather Dinners That Are Served Out of Doors

After the Fourth of July is the season for dining out of doors and eating cold dishes. Until the middle of September New Yorkers will seek to see the reflection of the stars in their soup and want the moon to furnish most of the light for their

New York's out of door dining rooms are not elaborate, and consist for the most part of an awning thrown over a permanent terrace. Further from the city's center, the out of door dining rooms are better suited to their purpose.

In the park, for instance, there are terraces built for the diners who go there of summer nights, and further uptown on the banks of the river, there are tables spread out on the grass between walks circled by globes of yellow light. It pays these places to have beautiful summer dining rooms under the July skies, for their guests never

come at any other season. One restaurant is proud of a summer dining room that consists of a balcony capable of accommodating two parties when they are not too large. Another merely takes out a section of a wall to admit the few breezes that may come from the

The two most popular summer dining rooms are on terraces that overlook Fifth avenue. One of these is rather elaborately decorated with flowers. The other has only the ornamentation of a palm or two and its red table cloths.

Away from the avenue on the top of a large hotel there is a roof dining room with music, electric lights and flowers all of its own. But this is sourcely to be considered the summer dining room, as it has practically taken the place of all others.

It is not so much the external features of the dining room that make it summery as the bill of fare. The orthodox way of dining in the open air is to order nothing but cold dishes.

"Take my word for it," said Victor under the red awning the other night when there was scarcely breeze enough to move the long fringe of the table cloths and the palms stood motionless. "You need not fast on account of this weather. It is warm, but your dinner will cool you. Listen to what

I should suggest. "I will give you first a delicious slice of melon-cantaloup so sweet that it is like rock sugar. Then some clams-Little Necks, but not so small as to make them tasteless. They shall be large enough for your teeth

to get comfortably into once. "Then you shall have a delicious rich consommé so nearly frozen that it is thick

Your fish course will be a Long Island trout so fat and white that you will be able to take off thick layers of his cold, tender sides. He was boiled this morning with bay eaves and salt and pepper enough to flavor him well and delicately.

Then he was put on ice, and when he was quite cold he was adorned with mushrooms and cepea and little slices of pimento. Then he was carefully surrounded with sepic jelly and put back into the icebox, where he is only waiting to be ordered by you to fulfil every plan that destiny has in

Your entrée, if you want one, although it is by no means indispensable in this warm weather, shall be a thin slice of Virginia hem -a delicious ham in the first place and hen boiled as it should be, half an hour to every pound, then covered with cloves and gar and browned in the oven.

With that you shall have some cold string beans with a sauce that stops just this side of a salad dressing. It is not so sour and is not so rich with oil. It is just what it should be to flavor the beans, yet not take the place of a salad.

Your roast will be breasts of young chickens, plump and cold, but not dry and tough as most cold chicken gets in the ceboxes, served with cold tomatoes into which chopped up celery has been stuffed

with mayonnaise to flavor it.
"If you want an ice, it is there. I have known guests after a dinner of such cooling ice to have the caprice that they must eat the exact opposite when it came to the entremets. One of these rerverse eaters was a lady who only half an hour ago insisted after she had finished just such a dinner that I should bring her peches on the flaming peaches came, with

rso, on the naming peaches came, with the hot sauce boiling in the bottom of the chafing dish and the blue fire blowing as the watter carried it. It was bold, and after a cold dinner, original. But, gentlemen, was it gastronomic in the highest sense? Need I ask you? You will take coffee, and lot."

with one another to create the summer dishes, for they are eaten only by persons who are interested in getting good things. Who are interested in getting good things.

Haif of the customers who come to a New
York restaurant from out of town do not
even look at the list of cold things, and
if they were compelled to eat a cold dinner
would declare it insipid.

One of the other head waiters outlined
the other night the best cold dishes that his

restaurant could offer a patron who wa. co

He opened the dinner, like the other, with

melon. That is a weakness that no head waiter can overcome at this season. He followed it with what is called a clam cock-

paprika and lemon is not put into a glass with the clams, but in the center of the plate on which they are served. Then the person willing to try the strong, hot mixture is able to take as much as he

something more than cold, really chilled through, although not frozen. The aromatic sauce Ravigote, which is pale green in color, furnishes as delightful a contrast to the sense of taste as to the sight.

The soup was strained chicken gumbo, also chilled thoroughly.

A cold double entrecôte or sirloin steak

three inches thick was served with aspara-rus tipe covered with sauce Hollandaise that had just been cooled. This was the

rive ad just been cooled. This was the rive de résistance.

(old partridge breasts served with almator pears, and pimentoes as salad, concluded the dinner. The dessert was a cold pastry filled with fresh pistache nuts broken up in half, and frozen whipped cream which was flecked with cooked fresh strawwhich was flecked with cooked fresh straw-Lerries and faintly flavored with cognac.

The man who tries to eat a cold dinner every night will probably return with de-light to the greater variety of a meal at the regular temperature. Industrious as the chefs are in inventing cold dishes, there is not such a variety as is commonly found in the warm list. Cold beef, chicken and the customary meats are always to and the customary meats are always to be had, and they must be relied upon usually to form the most substantial part of the meal, with the fancy features in the

prayed of the dinner, as the head waiter lowed who put cold bartsch on the market a summer soup. This is the bouillon of

and when mixed with rich cream it makes

a delicious summer soup.

The rest of the dinner that began in this way comprised cold halibut served with cold peas and string beans and sauce tartare for the fish. The halibut was cut in oblong pieces about four inches long and two broad.

With the cold ribs of lamb was served With the cold ribs of lamb was served cold cauliflower with Hollandaise sauce. With the breast of cold Long Island duckling, which really meant half the young duck, there was a cold baked apple liberally sprinkled with apple sauce, and cold asparagus with French dressing.

With this was a dessert of cold cooked cherries flavored with benedictine and apple with grated measurements and the control of the cold cold in the cold cold in the cold reserved re

covered with grated macaroons mixed in

Crab meat is a favorite fish course. It is boiled, torn into bits and then put into the shell of the crab. Over it is poured a covering of sauce Ravigote, which, as it is cold, is especially popular for summer dishes.

Lobster also is made into croquettes that may be served cold. The meat is chopped up after being boiled, put back into the shell and then covered with mayon-

naise.

A cold beef croquette is made of chopped up cold roast beef, green peppers and Virginia ham, and over this is poured a thin layer of cheese, which is allowed to cool before the croquette is served in a shell. Bouf à la mode is served cold in slices and can be treated in a variety of forms. Even cold pork has been called into service. It must, of course, be well flone. It is cut into slices not too thick and then put under an apple to roast. and then put under an apple to roast. The juice of the fruit saturates the meat and is not able to escape from the little pan

in which the two are cocked.

The pan is put on the ice, and when it is frozen the whole comes out intact on the plate. The apple and sugar form a sort of jelly about the meat, and a delicious combination it is.

A favorite way of serving the slices of a sirloin is to cover them with a white sauce made of chopped up horseradish and cream. This is a delicious dressing even on ordinary

This is a delicious dressing even on ordinary cold roast beef.

"The preparation of a dinner made up altogether of cold dishes," said one of the chefs in an uptown restaurant, "is even a greater test of skill than the ordinary meal. It is extremely difficult to serve things cold and not have them insipid.

"On the other hand, it is easy enough to flavor them too much. But the mean

flavor them too much. But the mean that the cordon bleu must have is difficult when food has to stand long enough to be "On the other hand, such a delicate dish

as a trout to be served in aspic cannot be flavored after it is cooked and just as it is to be put into jelly. The cold soups also are just as hard to make as good as every conscientious cook should want

every conscientious cook should want them.

"I have prepared for my mattre d'hotel a cold dish which I am certain will be a success. It is made of the cold meat of frogs' legs. They are boiled, flavored and wrapped in the skin of a Spanish onion, about which is wrapped in turn the thin skin of a red pepper. The whole is covered with aspic until each leg looks like a little ham. Now, that's genlus."

RAN AWAY FROM EXPLOSIONS. Luck of Two Men Who Chased Safety to the Banks of a Jersey Lake.

"A chum of mine," said the man with the new coat of sunburn, "persuaded me to go out of town with him over the Fourth, just to get away from the danger of the bombs and pistols and firecrackers. He was blown up when he was a boy, and he has a mortal dread of everything in the explosive line.

"We went to a quiet place on a lake out in New Jersey, and of course we spent the morning rowing. That was our first experience.

We jammed the boat into a stump in a part of the lake where they flooded some land about twenty years ago without clearing it. We stove a hole in her and had to wade out in water up to our waists, with the chance of stepping into a hole and drowning at any minute.

"Then we hired a buckboard to drive us round to our hotel. Well, about half way the northeast wheel came off and

pitched us out.

"My chum got a cut over his right eye.
I had my arm and shoulder bruised, and

I had my arm and shoulder bruised, and the driver, who jumped, sprained his ankle. We walked the rest of the way.

"The afternoon was uneventful, but after supper my chum noticed the preparations for a display of fireworks on the lawn in front of the veranda.

"'Can't I escape them even here?' wailed my chum. 'Say old man, I can't stay here.

"('Can't I escape them even here?' walled my chum. 'Say, old man, I can't stay here while they're sputtering and slam t anging. Let's just go up the road for a walk as soon as they begin. I'm sure if I stay here some rocket will single me out and blow my blinky eves out."
"What could I do? I wasn't afraid of a batch of hotel fireworks, but I was up there more to please him than myself. So off we went.

"Well, you know, it was a lovely night, and we strolled gently up the road that leads to the village. Presently we struck a sec-tion where the trees arch over, and it was as

dark as pitch.

"We were placidly knocking all our friends in a good natured way when all of a sudden there was a shout ahead of us. I seemed to see something waving in the darkness before me. I was the outside man and I instinctively crowded my chum over to the edge of the road.

over to the edge of the road.

"That instant something passed by us like a whirlwind. Then something a little

farther off.

"As the first went by, I felt the side of my knee scraped, and my hat was knocked off. My chum gave a gasping cry and threw up his hands. He acted for a couple of minutes as if he were blinded. He had come within only helf an inch of it.

only half an inch of it.

"We had met two blamed fools racing teams in the dark on a dusty road with rubber tired wheels. One driver had seen my cigar light right in his path and the cry heles out avec our lives.

as he pulled over to give us room. abraded the skin, but it ruined a \$10 pair of

"The lash of his whip caught my chum across the face and wrapped around his head, just missing his eyes. Fortunately he was not cut, but he will have an ugly red mark across his nose and left cheek for a

Next year if I'm looking for safety on Fourth of July I think I'll go to Coney

SPARROWS' ATTACK ON A CAT. Brave but Unsuccessful Effort to Rescue

a Captive Companion. A tomcat marked with the scars of many backyard battles seized a young sparrow in Grand street near the Paulus Hook monument in Jersey City a few days ago. The captive gave a terrified cry, which sounded

above the noisy chorus of a flock of birds in the branches of nearby trees.

Almost instantly a thousand pairs of wings whirred down and the air was black with little partizans eager to rescue their

companion.

The sparrows circled around the cat's head and apparently tried to peck at his eyes. The old warrior scampered across the grass plot of a small park while a chattering flock of avengers flew above him. He escaped into an areaway with his breakfast, and then the birds winged their way back to the treaters.

DUTCH RIVAL TO WASHINGTON

DE GRAAFF THE MAN WHO BEAT CORNWALLIS, THEY SAY,

And Thereby Won Independence for This Country-Legend Cherished in a Dutch West Indian Island Too Small Almost to Appear on Map-Here is the Story.

PORT ORANGE, ST. EUSTATIUS, Dutch West Indies, July 1.-Nine blank cartridges, whose smoke floated lazily away in a tropical breeze, nine jets of fire, nine harmless reports from the saluting battery of Fort Orange, St. Eustatius, caused Cornwallis to surrender at Yorktown and lost an empire to Great Britain.

This is rather a large statement when one considers that history places the credit elsewhere, yet the loyal inhabitants of this island believe it and there are facts to bear them out.

St. Eustatius is so small that its location is perhaps best described by giving its bearings from the American island of Porto Rico, which was captured from Spain in 1898. If you will make a dot on your map, after first studying the scale of miles in the corner, 150 miles southeast of the southerly extremity of Porto Rico you will strike near enough to St. Eustatius for accuracy. You may not find it beneath your pencil point, as it is hardly important enough to appear on anything short of a mariner's

Sleepy, forgotten, ignored, St. Eustatius has played a very big part in the world's history. Its trade has vanished and all that remains to it is the memory of a stirring past and a profound consciousness of the

debt owed to it by the United States. Above its little fort the tricolor of Holland flutters lazily in the breeze. Miniature cannon of a pattern obsolete many years ago point seaward over its ramparts; green and brown lizards scurry about on the conical heaps of toy cannon balls which await a call to action that they are far too puny to answer.

Along the beach the dismantled remains of many stone buildings give an air of decay to the place which the tumbledown appearance of the town itself confirms. A few white families lord it over several hundred lazy negroes and await the weekly arrival of the mail packet as the only excitement of a monotonous existence.

This is St. Eustatius of to-day. This, together with its volcanic hills, its ruined estates and its memories, is all that is left. It was different one hundred and thirty years ago. Business flourished here then, and the roadstead was crowded with shipping. In those old days every one was busy

The streets of Port Orange were alive with sailors, who spoke strange tongues and spent money recklessly. The stone buildings, now in ruins, were then bursting with merchandise. The merchants lived like princes and entertained one another iwith lavish hospitality.

St. Eustatius owed its former importance to its geographical location and to the fact that it belonged to Holland, a neutral nation in the wars which Great Britain was fight-

*Situated nearer the American continent than Europe, it proved an ideal spot where the colonists could trade their produce. largely tobacco, for war munitions. Many a British and a Hessian soldier was shot down with powder and lead carried to St. Eustatius in Dutch bottoms and thence in Continental vessels to Washington's armies.

It is not to be imagined, either, that the colonists were alone in availing themselves of the advantages St. Eustatius offered. France and Spain were fighting Great Britain presently, and the island for them also proved an ideal spot where

warlike supplies could be obtained. The Dutch have long had the reputation of being good at a bargain, and they cerdown with guns and cannon, with gunpowder and bullets, sailed out of Amsterdam for St. Eustatius.

Holland being a neutral nation and the cargoes being consigned to a Dutch colony Great Britain could not interfere, and the Dutch merchants were kept busy indeed. The cargoes being unloaded, the ships sailed homeward filled with tobacco which had been grown on the plantations of Virginia and which presently was transformed into clouds of smoke by the worthy Dutch burghers, a sort of incense to the shrine of trade. But to hark back to our story.

One fine day in December, 1776, the Andrea Doria, a cruiser commissioned by the Continental Congress, came sailing into the roadstead of Port Orange, threaded its way through the crowded shipping, dropped anchor and saluted the Dutch flag flying over the fort with eleven guns. Then the eyes of the spectators were turned to where the little cannon were peering down from the ramparts to catch the first flash of fire preceding the answering salute.

Little did the awaiting throng realize that the fate of a nation awaited on the action of the island's head, the worthy Gov. De Graaff. He, good Dutchman that he was, was in a quandary.

To refuse to reply to the salute mean to give offense to the island's best customer. To order the gunners in the fort to answer the Andrea Doria's courtesy meant the virtual recognition by Holland of the United Colonies as an independent nation. Had Gov. De Graaff lived in these days

he might have called up his home Government by cable and asked instructions, but in 1776 the cable was unthought of. The responsibility could not be shifted from his shoulders and, uncertain what to do he made a com promise.

Minutes dragged slowly by and the expectation of the crowded roadstead grew to impatience, when finally there came a flash of fire, a roar and a burst of smoke from Port Orange's battery. One, two, three, steadily and methodically the reports followed one another; four, five, six, the smoke obscured the battery itself and floated away to leeward; seven, eight, nine-and no more. The Andrea Doria's salute

was answered, but not gun for gun. Separated from St. Eustatius by a chan nel some seven or eight miles wide lies the British island of St. Christopher. Word of Gov. De Graaff's action quickly reached St. Christopher's Governor and was promptly forwarded to London with a vigorous pro-

some time cognizant of the contraband trade that flourished at St. Eustatius and was quick to seize upon the action of the Dutch Governor as an occasion for streiuous representations to the Government of Holland. These were duly received Amsterdam, considered, and finally acted upon to the extent that Gov. De Graff

was called home to explain. But the trade with the Colonies still continued and St. Eustatius grew richer and richer. Fast sailing craft speeded from Baltimore and Philadelphia and other northern ports laden with merchandise and shot. The trade was hazardous but remunerative, and many an ocean race was sailed with the King's ships which for daring seamansip equaled any modern mug hunting race. The prize was liberty and dollars, and defeat meant imprisonment

Washington could not have continued the struggle without St. Eustatius. Cornwallis would not have had to surrender but for Gov. De Graaff's order to return

the Andrea Doria's salute. For four long years after the Andrea Doris had dropped anchor in the roadstead opposite Port Orange the trade of the island flourished. Gov. De Graaff had made some sort of satisfactory explanation to his home Government and was back again

at his old post. And still that salute rankled in British hearts. It was trying enough to have her soldiers shot down with bullets made in Holland. It was unendurable to have Holland recognize, even tacitly, the inde-

pendence of British colonies. It seemed to the British Government that something must be done, and late in 1780 something was done. War was declared suddenly upon Holland. On the same day secret orders were sent to the fleet under Admiral Rodney to sail at once and capture St. Eustatius, to strike at once at the very spot that had caused England so much mortification.

Admiral Rodney was then at the British island of Barbados, where he had just gone from Chesapeake Bay to keep an eye on the French fleet under Admiral de Grasse, which was preparing at the French island of Martinique to proceed northward and take an active part in the struggle the colonists were making for liberty. Leaving Comte de Grasse to his own devices, Admiral Rodney sailed promptly to St. Eustatius and easily captured it, together with \$15,000,000 worth of various kinds of merchandise which was piled in the storehouses awaiting conveyance to Holland and America.

Now, Admiral Rodney, like a good many other worthy seamen of his time and of later years also, had found his income insufficient to meet his expenses, and as a result he was deeply in debt. The sight of so much treasure may have turned his head-he received one-sixteenth part of the booty as his share—at any rate he stayed off St. Eustatius for several months superintending the disposal of his capture, and in the meantime Comte de Grasse slipped away northward.

In the Colonies things were approaching a crisis. Lord Cornwallis was campaigning in Virginia, and Washington, with the allied French and American forces, was after him with every soldier he could muster. Every schoolboy knows how Cornwallis was finally besieged at Yorktown and how the reenforcements that were sent him by sea from New York under Sir Henry Clinton were driven off by Comte de Grasse's fleet. It is recorded in history how finally after a siege Cornwallis surrendered and how his capitulation meant the triumph of the Colonies.

The point that the good people of St. Eustatius insist on is this: If Gov. De Graaff had not returned the Andrea Doria's salute Admiral Rodney would not have been ordered to capture the island, but would have remained to harass the French fleet; Comte de Grasse would not have been able to keep Sir Henry Clinton's reenforcements from reaching Cornwallis, Cornwallis would not have been obliged to surrender, and you and I and our sisters and cousins and aunts would be loyally singing "God Save the King" this very day instead of attuning our voices to "The Star Spangled

The reader will have to judge for himself as to the justice of the assertion. The people of St. Eustatius believe in it thoroughly.

HAD TO REPLEVIN A BEAR. Odd Job That Fell to the Lot of a Deputy Sheriff in Maine.

BANGOR, July 15 .- Deputy Sheriff Mark man coming in from Portage Lake early last spring caught a pair of young bear cubs, which he sold to William L. Fields, who lives on the north bank of the Aroo stook River, about two miles above Washburn village. They soon become strongly attached to Mr. Fields.

One afternoon in June Mr. Fields left home, shutting the cubs in the house. They became restless, and the female succeeded in climbing through an open window. She saw a man at work on the opposite side of the river, and swam across. The man saw the cub coming and caught her as she came from the water. The little animal appeared so friendly that the man started to his home in Mapleton, bearing the cub in his arms.

A week later he came to Presque Isle. looking for Judge George H. Smith, whose reputation as a lover of pets is widely known. Unfortunately the Judge was absent, and the man then tried to sell the cub to Charles F. Daggett, as an all round useful animal to protect his lawn from

Daggett, however, declined.

In the meantime Mr. Fields had learned of the whereabouts of his little pet. As life had been made miserable for him because of the cries of the other cub, Mr. Fields sought out his pet, but the new owner would not consent even to show the aniwould not consent even to show the animal. Then Mr. Fields hurried over to Carlbou and got a writ of replevin. Coming back to Washburn, be telegraphed to Huson to come to his assistance, telling him of his writ of replevin.

Huson was on hand at the appointed time, and together they went to the man's house, where Mr. Fields recovered his missing pet without a struggle. The sheriff thinks it is the only case on record of replevining a bear.

THE BLUE LOBSTER.

Its Color Is Fast, in Spite of Appearance -All it Needs Is Dusting. "Is it losing color?" asked a visitor at

the Aquarium of one of the attendants,

referring to the blue lobster, which seemed to him to be losing its color. "No," was the answer, "it simply needs dusting off. That dark color on its back is caused by a fine, velvetlike marine vegetation that has settled there out of the

tation that has settled there out of the waters of the tank and had a chance to grow and spread because the lobster here cannot well keep itself clean.

*Plenty of lobsters have been captured with barnacles growing on them, attaching to them just as barnacles attach and prove on turtles and on ships and planty of grow on turtles and on ships and plenty of lobsters have been taken with marine vege-tation attached to and growing on them. I knew of an old lobster, weighing about twenty-five pounds, that had attached to it, growing in this manner when it was cap-tured sea grass two and a half or three

tured, sea grass two and a half or three feet long.
"But lobsters with such growth on them

would be most likely to be found on rocky bottoms; on sandy bottoms lobsters are likely to keep themselves clean.

"If this blue lobster was free and on a sandy bottom, it would bury itself in the sand and rub itself in it, as a chicken rubs and wallows in the dust, and so keep its abell emocth and free from growths. But shell smooth and free from growths. But we couldn't give this lobster sand here, because if we did it would keep itself out of sight more or less, and we keep it here to

be seen.
"No, the blue lobster is all right; all it needs is a little grooming."

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BOSTON TRANSIT NOTIONS.

LITTLE YANKEE INNOVATIONS THAT SAVE TIME.

Car Doors Opened and Closed by Compressed Air-"Easy Access" Cars Which Are a Success-Things Which New York's Elevated Roads Might Copy.

BOSTON, July 15.-When James Dalrymple, the Glasgow street railroad expert who came over to study the possibilities of municipal ownership in Chicago, said that Boston's street railway system was the best in this country he made particular reference to two things: The uniform civility and efficiency of employees and the success that has been attained in achieving rapid transit

under peculiarly difficult conditions. The first point of superiority is the result of careful selection and training. The second involves not only skilful management, but mechanical ingenuity that times takes novel and interesting forms.

One of these innovations, looking to saving seconds here and there has just been brought into use on the Boston Elevated Railway's overhead and subway trains. It consists of opening and closing the doors of the cars by compressed air power.

This plan permits the side doors to be used as exits at all stations and during the entire day. Another device gives the motorman his starting signal automatically as soon as a train is snugly closed and ready to get under way.

Until Boston became accustomed to the hustling ways of elevated trains the company had quite a problem on its hands keep things moving on schedule time. Boston crowds were not used to being hurried and did not take kindly to it. This difficulty was overcome gradually by diplomatic methods, and the Bostonian and his suburban brother became as expert rush hour rushers as the most hardened

New Yorker. While the superior discipline of its employees made the crowded hours of travel less irritating and much safer here than they have been found to be in most places, the elevated company, which long ago established remarkably friendly relations with the public by its fair dealing and efficiency, felt that something more might be done to bring the millennium further up on the horizon. This something more, it was decided, should be satisfactory mechanical means of working the side doors of the

with a door in the middle of each side to he used as an exit during rush hours. After a while the traffic got so heavy that the use of the side doors was necessary at other

Pulling a lot of levers, which takes the attention of the trainmen from their other duties, and is wearisome besides, seemed a clumsy method in this automatic age. So Charles S. Sargent, the vice-president of the elevated railway, began looking for something better, and more than a year ago he perfected the device with which all the

company's elevated cars are now equipped. The automatic door is very simple after all. A rod inside the woodwork of the car sliding door and fitted at the other into a piston that can apply compressed air so as to move the rod in either direction. The air, which is under pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch, comes from tank beneath the car that is kept full by an automatic electric pump. The valve that controls the mechanism is affixed to the end of the car, where it is directly under the hand of the trainman, who stands between two cars and operates the doors of

both simply by a turn of his wrists. The door can be stopped instantly whether it is opening or closing, and its rapidity of movement can be perfectly regulated. As a safeguard against any sort of accident the outer edge is protected with a pneumatic cushion, so that if it should close upon a passenger's fingers, say, they would

not be even bruised. If a skirt or coat were caught in the closing door the slightest pull would drag the garment out without doing the fabric any injury, and there is no chance of a person whose clothing is accidentally entangled

being dragged by the train. Every new idea is tried out thoroughly by the elevated company before it is put into use, and the automatic side door was experimented with a long time. But it worked well from the first that it suggested a still further application of its mechanical principle to overcome a second great difficulty in getting trains away from stations quickly, the necessity, with the old type of car, of passengers entering by narrow platforms, with their swinging gates, and

turning a corner to get inside the coach. For this purpose there were put into service twenty-four easy access cars which have no platforms at all, the space given to the platform in the old fashioned type of coach being added to the car body. doors are in the sides, those for exit in the middle and those for entrance at either end, so that a passenger steps directly from the station platform into the car, where the broad aisle gives plenty of room for distributing the load, as railroad men call it.

Not only is the sheltered standing room increased, but the possibility of accidents to passengers on an open platform is eliminated. There is a small platform on which the train hands stand, but the passengers cannot go from one car to another while a train is in motion.

The easy access cars were an immediate success. Their possibilities as time savers were even beyond what the company had anticipated, and the convenience to the traveling public made them at once popu-

Not only is it much quicker for passengers to step directly into a car through a doorway than to go around the corner by way of a platform, but the delay caused by opening and closing platform gates is

The old cars are being rebuilt into cars of this type, with the idea that in time the whole elevated train service will be of easy access. Many seconds are saved in a day' run and added to the credit of rapid transit by the new equipment, but the economy of time is helped out a good deal by another device that passengers may ride with for days without noticing, useful as it has already shown itself to be-the motorman's

automatic electric signal.

The elevated management has always maintained that the only safe way to run its trains is to have all doors and gates closed tightly before the starting bell is given, and its judgment has been amply justifled of course. But the operating officials who stand around the busiest stations with stop watches in their hands and worry over the loss of three-fifths of a second sat up nights wondering how they were going to hurry things if the first four cars a train were all ready tostart before the fifth one was and had to wait until a bell signal was passed along from platform to platform by the pulling of a cord. This was a special trouble here, because the last car on all Boston elevated trains is a smoker and is likely to be slowest in discharging and taking on its passengers.

Finally somebody conceived the idea that on the easy access cars, anyway, the closing of the doors might be made to give an electric signal automatically. Each door is connected with an electrical circuit which is broken by the opening of the doors and is completed only when all the doors are closed. As one car after another discharges and loads, the signal circuit is built up section by section and the shutting of the last door completes it and rings the starting bell.

The trains got away from stations so much more promptly as a result of this scheme that the engineers cast about for something similar that they could apply to the oldfashioned cars. After experimenting variously they adopted a modification of the same principle.

In the hood over the platform is concealed a lever which when pulled down closes a section of the electric circuit that rings the motorman's signal. The levers on the adjoining platforms are connected by means of a piece of bell cord, and when the side doors and gates are closed the train-When the company opened its overhead man at each car interval pulls down his standard car one | cord and holds it until the motor starts. cuit is closed by pulling down the cord on the last car ready and the closing of the last door, the motorman's bell rings

> automatically. It seems as if the time saved by these means would be infinitesimal, but the train despatchers at the terminals know what a difference it makes, though the men with the stop watches cannot figure it

> out in seconds or their fractions. It used to be the case that in the rush hours, and not infrequently at other times. the despatchers had to put in relay trains to keep up the regularity of the running schedule when a regular train was late in getting to its terminal. The overhead lines here are really a series of loops, and the

here are really a series of loops, and the close schedule on which the service is run is so complicated that even a slight interference at one point might affect the running sheet of the whole system.

So if the office building or shopping or theater crowd was particularly heavy, and the progress through the subway was consequently slow, bringing a train to a terminal 15 or 20 seconds after it should have started on its return trip. a relay was run in to keep the schedule working smoothly and the regular was sent out to the yard track to take the relay's place. Since all the trains have been equipped with automatic doors and automatic cab signals, these relays have become almost unnecessary. unnecessary.

THE BISHOP'S FIGHTING DOGS.

One Drowned After Battle in Water

Win Master's Favor. A fatal struggle for a stick was fought by two valuable dogs belonging to Bishop McDonnell of the Diocese of Brooklyn, who is spending a two weeks vacation at the rectory at St. Joseph's, adjacent to the Convent of the Dominican Sisters, near Monticello, Sullivan county, N. Y. The Bishop had sent the dogs, Irish Lad and Ciroilligan, to St. Joseph's rectory several weeks

before he went himself.

Bishop McDonnell arrived at the mountain rectory on Tuesday evening for his vatain rectory on Tuesday evening for his vacation and was up bright and early Wednesday morning to take his two dogs for a
walk. The animals barked and ran and
jumped around their master in real dog
glee as they started off for a tramp along
the lake before breakfast.

The Bishop met several priests on the
walk and before returning to the rectory
he entertained the priests by some tricks
from his pets, at last throwing a stick
as far out into the lake as he could. Both
dogs were in the water in an instant, and a
hot race began.

hot race began.

The stick had gone a good distance into the lake, and the two bidders for favor with their master reached it at the same

Each made a grab but neither got the stick, which went under the water and was lost for a moment. Then it came up behind them, and quick maneuvering brought the dogs face to face. Both snapped at the prize.

Ciro-illigan happened to get the stick in his mouth, and Irish Lad, in his endeaver to win favor began fight. Circliligan

in his mouth, and Irish Lad, in his endeavor to win favor, began fight. Ciro-illigan held on to the stick rather than return the fight by opening his mouth. Irish Lad caught him by the throat and tugged and pulled viciously.

The Bishop yelled at them, and threw stones in order to separate them, while one of the priests ran to the boathouse to row out to the dogs. He was too late, for Ciro-iiligan, still holding fast to the stick, sank in the lake with his throat bleeding.

WORTH \$250,000.

LEGACY THAT YANKEE COOKING

BROUGHT A PARSON. Mrs. Dodge Left the Rev. A. M. McDonald

That Amount, and Relatives Are Fight-

ing the Will-Preacher's Wife Used to Prepare All New England Dishes. JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July 15 .-- If Junius H. Litsey is right, the recipes which the wife of the Rev. A. M. McDonald gave Mrs. Abbie R. Dodge were worth \$250,000. Mrs Dodge was part owner of the Windsor Hotel here. Mrs. McDonald is a Maine woman

New England cooking. Mrs. Dodge used to desert the table of the Windsor Hotel to take dinner with Mrs. McDonald. When she died she left small legacies to her relatives and the rest of her estate, amounting to maybe \$250,000, to the

and is familiar with the best traditions of

The relatives are contesting the will on the ground that she was partly meane. Litsey, who was once chef at the Windsor but is now in the army in the Philippines, sends on his views in the case. "She was not crazy," he writes. "She

was simply a slave to her stomach and was

daffy about the New England cooking of that McDonald woman. "I can prove this by a stack of documents in Mrs. Dodge's own handwriting sent to me while I was in the kitchen of the Windsor Hotel. She would go to the preacher's house for dinner and would invariably return with a cooking recipe written out in full and followed by a quotation about cooking or eating. She would send these to me and order me to prepare

such food for her. The first recipe was: "Boiled Dinner-Put meat on, after washing well, in enough water to just cover the meat; as soon as it boils set kettle on the stove where it will simmer or boil very slowly; boil until almost tender, put in vegetables in this

"Quartered cabbage, medium sized turnips, halved; whole potatoes. Peel potatoes and turnips and allow to lie in cold water for half an hour before using. Skim meat well before adding vegetables. Boil together until thoroughly done, adding a little salt before taking out of kettle, where there should be left only just enough water to prevent burnleft only just enough water to prevent burning; take up vegetables in separate dishes,
and lastly the meat. If there is any juice in
the kettle pour it over cabbage.
"Boil cabbage an hour; turnips and potatoes half an hour. Soup plate or saucer,
upside down, or a few iron tablespoons should
be placed in bottom of kettle to keep meat
from burning.

"This was followed by a quotation. ritten on the foot of a sheet of written on the foot of a sheet of the Union Congregational Church paper, which led me to believe she was obtaining the recipes from Mrs. McDonald. Here is the quotation: 'Bad dinners go hand in hand with total depravity, while a properly fed person is already half saved.'

"But next time she visited the McDonalds has had evidently enjoyed 'rock and'

she had evidently enjoyed 'pork and,' for she came home with this recipe, which she promptly sent to me, ordering the dish for the next day's dinner:

she promptly sent to me, ordering the dish for the next day's dinner:

"BANGOR PORK AND BEANS.—Pick quart of Yankee beans carefully. Soak over night; in the morning wash and drain in another water, put on to boil in cold water with half teaspoonful of soda; boil 30 minutes (when done skin of bean will crack if taken out and blown upon), drain, and put in earthen pot first a slice of pork and then the beans, with two or three tablespoonfuls of New Orleans molasses.

"When beans are in pot put in center half pound of well washed salt pork, with rind scored in slices or squares, and don't fail to season with pepper and salt cover all with hot water; bake six hours in moderate oven, add ing hot water as needed.

"Keep covered, or will burn on top, but remove cover an hour or two before serving, to brown the top and crisp the pork. Serve, in the dish in which they are cooked and roast a fresh spare rib to serve with them.

"Knowing this to be the New England dish for Sunday breakfast, I prepared it with all the care I commanded, but it did not give satisfaction. Mrs. Dodge wrote me a note saying I should know the luxury of the same dish as cooked by Mrs. McDonald.

"I have ten other regimes in Mrs. Dodge!"

ald.
"I have ten other recipes in Mrs. Dodge's I have ten other recipes in Mrs. Dodge's handwriting—they are: soused tripe, toadin-the-hole, baked pig, sparerib pot pie, pig's head cheese, chicken pie with oysters, Sidney Smith's winter salad, salsify or vegetable cysters, yankee dried beef and Aroostook gravy. Judging from her selections, she must have had a robust appetite. I tried as hard as I could to make up the orders to suit Mrs. Dodge, but I was not successful one time. She make up the orders to suit Mrs. Dodge, but I was not successful one time. She invariably found a whole lot of fault. "Getting back to her quotations, the thing that interested me most is a treatise headed: 'How people live to be very old in Maine,' and it came to me written on the back of the Aroostook gravy recipe. It is:

the back of the Aroostook gravy recipe. It is:

"You may live to a ripe old age by following sensible habits of eating.
"First—Eat only pure, wholesome food, scientifically prepared.
"Second—Chew all solid food until it disappears in the mouth and is swallowed without a conscious effort. Do not take another mouthful until you have disposed of everything in the mouth through thorough mastication. Sip slowly all liquids having taste, and never drink anything while food is in the mouth. Eat slowly and deliberately.

"Third—Follow these rules and you'll have perfect digestion, leading to proper assimilation and robust health, with a strong brain in a powerful body. A little food eaten in this way will do you more good than a heavy meal crammed and washed down and lying undigested in your long suffering, overworked stomach."

"On the back of the pig's head cheese recipe Mis. Dodge made this entry:
"No one should endure the poor cooking and restrictions of the hetel and boarding house. We should eat anything our appetite craves, remembering to carefully chew every mouthful. Simple, wholesome foods are preferable. Plenty of meat, beans, brown bread, fresh butter, milk and cream, eggs, fruit, vegetables, cerrails, &c. Tea and coffee, if they agree with you; if not, try milk and cocoa.

"Nearly all of our physical and mental sick—"Nearly all of our physical and mental sick—"Tea and coffee, if they agree with you; if not, try milk and cocoa.

"Nearly all of our physical and mental sick—""

cocoa.

"Nearly all of our physical and mental sick-ness comes from the stomach. No one is so irritable as a dyspeptic, and the ills induced by unwise eating make us disagreeable to our friends and work against our prosperity and happiness."

"I do not know what it was that made

"I do not know what it was that made Mrs. Dodge so severe, but I do know she was intensely fond of the cooking of Mrs. McDonald, and to her mind no food was so palatable as that she ate while visiting at the parsonage."